



**NAKED!
SCREAMING!
TERROR!**

**NUMBER TWO
TWO DOLLARS**



NAKED/ SCREAMING/ TERROR/ is published five times a year by KRONOS Productions, MPO Box 67, Oberlin, Ohio 44074-0067 USA.
Single copy \$2 (ppd). Subscriptions \$8.50/yr (ppd). Please make all checks and money orders payable to Timothy Poxton.
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Special thanks: Leslie and Heidi, Craig Ledbetter, Louis Paul, Frank Henenlotter, Bob Mortin, Edgar levins, Grandma Dietlin, Cynthia Stewart, Michael Gingold, Steve Fentone & Eric Sulev, Dave Morsholl, Mike Vraney, and everyone else we may have forgotten!

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OMIGOD!
IT'S THE
70's

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF...

NAKED/ SCREAMING/ TERROR/

**GET IT BEFORE IT
GETS YOU !!**

DON'T CALL ME UNCLE, DAMMIT!

Robert H. Martin interviewed by David Todarello

- NS:** When you look back on your years at FANGORIA are you pleased? How did you become involved with the magazine?
- RM:** I went into writing almost by accident. A friend of mine was editing a magazine and next thing you know I was writing a book review column for it...
- NS:** What magazine?
- RM:** It's not around anymore. It was a trade magazine for the publishing trade. It was called MARKETING BEST SELLERS. I would review paperback originals. A lot of romance, a lot of historical romances like Ron Goulart (laughs). It was basically a pretty boring job. There was a revolving door in the editorial offices and I eventually became editor of the magazine. The boss was Isaac. Fortunately, the person who had gotten me the job in the first place knew how unhappy I was and within two months he told me that there was an opening at STARLOG. They were looking for someone to edit a magazine called FANTASTICA and I went and applied. I lied about my education. I dropped out of high school, but I told them I had graduated from Brown University. I didn't realize at the time what an exclusive school it was (laughs). I didn't know it was a big lie! They were shocked that I was willing to take the job with so little money (laughs). I was being paid very little money. Suddenly I was in charge of the magazine. I was hired for \$12,000 a year to edit FANGORIA. It was ten years ago so it was a little more than it is now, but not that much (laughs). Anyhow, you don't get many shots in life and I knew this was my shot to do a really good magazine and hopefully do better than most high school drop-outs. There was a lot of personal motivation in it other than my desire to see FANGORIA be a successful magazine. A lot of the desire was to see it as success for myself. When I came in, FANTASTICA, which is what they were calling it then, was going to be a fantasy magazine. The direction in that first issue, as you can see, was very different. The first issue was not edited by me. It was, in fact, sitting on the shelf for six months when I was hired. The magazine had been held up by a lawsuit over the name. The publisher of FANTASTIC FILMS felt it was unfair competition because the names of the magazines were too similar and would confuse the stupid readers into thinking it was the same magazine. That was their actual case. They won it! It shocked everybody. Suddenly, there was a last minute scramble for a new magazine title. I wanted to take the magazine in a horror direction and my suggestion for the title was CREATURE MAGAZINE. This would still allow for a certain amount of fantasy which the publisher wanted. They also wanted a very young audience; no older than 15 or 16...
- NS:** in keeping with Warren Publications guidelines, eh?
- RM:** Right! They actually wanted a magazine that would go head-to-head with FAMOUS MONSTERS OF RUMLAND!
- NS:** At that point was FM doing well? Did they really think it would be a very lucrative market for them?
- RM:** It wasn't entirely that it wasn't doing so well. It was partly that STARLOG had made inroads into a market that FAMOUS MONSTERS once owned. That was their specialty and they wanted to expand in that market as well as everywhere else. They now do a lot of different magazines. There was also a certain amount of animosity between Norman Jacobs (FANGORIA publisher) and Jim Warren (FM's publisher). A lot of people hated Warren and some of them did things about it. Harlan Ellison sued him. Norman Jacobs decided to put out a magazine that would put FM out of business. I had no desire to put FM out of business. To me FAMOUS MONSTERS was Forest J. Ackerman not Jim Warren. My desire was to try and find our own niche. Anyway, I didn't even want to be close to what they were doing. If you look at those issues of FM, as they were functioning then, they were totally out of touch with what was going on in the horror film field. To FJA horror is not a big deal. He's interested in monsters, but not in people having their heads split open. Anything they put into the magazine about Jason or anything like that was usually done by outsiders. That wasn't what FJA concentrated on and I had no desire to steal his audience. I don't think we were competing head to head after the magazine changed. The way that it changed was that the new title was selected. The title was made up by Howard Zimmerman, editor of STARLOG at the time. I was there when it happened. I suggested PHANTASMAGORIA, which I knew was too long. Howard shortened it to FANGORIA and I said "NO!" and went home (laughs). The next day I arrived at work and there it was. They'd already ordered the logo. It never forgave Howard for that! FANGORIA was kind of self-fulfilling prophecy because

the name implied fans of gore! There would be gore in it. It would be as unpleasant as the word itself sounds. Readers picked it up on the first issue and didn't see anything that engaged them except pictures of exploding heads courtesy of Tom Savini! So the sales figures on #1 were OKAY, but the sales figures on #2 were very bad. Issue one was the cutaway piece that everyone checked out to see if it was any good. It was not any good. Issue two, which I think is a better magazine, didn't nearly sell as well. We did get good comments on the Savini article and this gave me ammunition in terms of saying to the publishers that the readers don't like this other stuff. They don't like the Saturday Morning stuff. They like DAWN OF THE DEAD. They like exploding heads. They'd never seen that stuff on a printed page before. So as sales continued to be bad they more and more gave me my lead on the magazine. All along Norman would come in and tell me what the sales situation was. There was quite a bit of money lost in that first year and they hung in, which I much appreciate. It did pay off eventually. The rise in sales began with issue seven which just had a picture of Jack Nicholson looking pretty ticked off from THE SHINING. Ultimately, I'm pleased that issue seven was a success because it had the first cover that distinctly sold horror. Before that we had Christopher Lee, STAR WARS -- they made me do a STAR WARS cover. With number seven things started picking up and there was no more talk about being anything other than a horror film magazine. The fantasy art went. The COUNT FANGOR cartoon went. Howard Cruse is a good friend of mine, but FANGOR was not the place for Disney-like treatment of a vampire. Too sweet. More and more it came to be what it is now basically is. Now it's a machine that works. It still has its function. Like all successful magazines, eventually it becomes a formula. You go to the newsstand and you have a pretty good idea of what you're getting when you pick up a magazine. Consistency sells.

NST: You certainly played around with that a lot more during your tenure at FANGOR than they do now...

BME: Well, I was getting bored! The departures could never be as bold as I wanted them. Playing with departures and not really carrying them through was resulting in even more frustration for me. I don't think I could ever stay with a magazine for that long again. Any magazine. Either it's not successful and it folds or it's successful and you get locked in. Locked in between your publisher who's saying "If it's not broke don't fix it!" and your readers who are saying "What the hell are you doing to my beloved magazine???" It's suddenly theirs instead of yours. And it was. It was meant for the readers even though I did go out of my way to trumpet the things that I liked. So I dunno...I don't know what questions I've answered.

NST: I think you've answered my last three. Let's find out what you think of the magazine now. You said it's a well-oiled machine that runs by itself pretty much...

BME: It's a well-oiled machine that runs by...not by itself. You need the right people on top. You need people who understand the machine...Who know when to oil it. Know what kind of fuel it needs...

NST: "WHEW!" All this car talk is turning me on!

BME: Tony Timpone is doing an excellent job and J. Peter Orr is doing an excellent job in assisting him. I have to say that in between my editorship and theirs I was not delighted with David McDonnell's job. He was editing both STARLOG and FANGORIA. The magazines are too distinct for one person to really understand what's going on with both of them.

NST: What have you been doing since leaving the magazine? We're all aware of the BRAIN DAMAGE novelization. Anything else?

BME: Sponging off my family (laughs)! I did inherit a little money which is all gone. I was writing jacket copy for Bantam Books. Offhand, I can't remember any of the titles. They were handling me mostly fantasy; occasionally horror stuff. Doing that pays very little, but it covers the rent now and then. The BRAIN DAMAGE novelization, of course.

NST: How did that happen?

BME: Out of the blue! It was a gift! Amazing! Frank is a collector. Frank collects paper and he collects videotapes. He is a real genre lover. He loves exploitation films. He loves films. Films of every type! He loves to collect things on genre films. He loves to sit and appreciate the technical work a director does. He loves to study shot compositions. He loves looking at a crappy film to find the perfectly composed shot that happens 3/4 of the way through it! He has enormous patience. Frank wanted to own a book. He just wanted one copy (laughs)! He just wanted something to put on his bookshelf that said BRAIN DAMAGE on it. He felt it was the kind of film that lent itself to that sort of treatment. Edgar gave me a copy of the script. I had no idea why they wanted me to read it. Afterwards, Edgar said that Frank would like me to write a book based on BRAIN DAMAGE. Frank wasn't sure whether he wanted it to be a novelization, "a making of" book, or what. He just wanted a book. I didn't want to do a "Making Of..." book because I'd had my fill of set reports and the like at FANGORIA. I've always known that I have a good fiction style. I never had confidence in any plot I'd come up with. Here was a plot that had everything I could wish to write about! Drugs, sex, violence,

and religion! None of it was too overt. It was all, in one way or another, subtle. It's no more a chuggy film than **THE TINGLER**. It's violent, but there's only a few victims. In the novelization those go by in a paragraph each. There's only one important sex scene. I had to bring a certain tone to it. Watching the film you can enjoy what's happening without having to examine it. When you're reading the book...what's the really about? I was projecting things into Frank's work. I was sympathetic with his way of working. I gave him the completed manuscript months before we went to press, but he didn't have time to read it - he was busy making the film. When **BRAIN DAMAGE** (the film) was finished he read it and said he was delighted. He told me that there was absolutely no need for changes. So the point is that, while Frank likes the book, whatever's in there that's not in the film is solely my projection. A lot of people don't get what I'm trying to do in that lengthy, ever-ending paragraph at the end of the book. What I'm trying to say without being too overt is that I think Elmer is almost a Buddhist conception of God. A Buddhist avatar who, by killing his victims, is releasing them from the cycle of Life/Death/Rebirth. Brian, by joining Elmer, becoming one with him, is entering the Void and is freed from this veil of sorrow! It's a happy ending! Frank, being a film guy, has light coming from his head. Enlightenment! That's all it can mean to me. I dunno...even my girlfriend didn't get it!

NSF: What did you think of the film?

BM: Well, the sets were all smaller than I had pictured (laughs), but that's the essence of low-budget film making. I enjoyed it very much. I liked it better with each viewing which is not the case with **BASKET CASE**. **BASKET CASE** I liked a lot right at the start - I've seen it many times since and still love it - but the more I see **BRAIN DAMAGE**, the more I'm struck by the economy of the statement that Frank uses. All the stuff I said in the book is there implicitly. Whether Frank is consciously saying any of that is another matter. He won't tell you! He says, "You can look at the movie however you want and see everything or anything you want to see. But I just make my movies and go on to the next one." With Frank it doesn't matter why you like his films as long as he can get the next film going. His whole reward comes from making movies.

NSF: Did Frank contact you out of the blue again and offer you the chance to co-write on **FRANKENHOOKER**?

BM: Yes, Edgar called and told me that Frank wanted me to co-write with him.

NSF: Did you accept immediately or was it something you needed to give some thought?

BM: I accepted immediately! As soon as I sobered up (laughs)! I felt that he really must have liked the book (laughs)! It was great! It's like winning the sweepstakes. I couldn't be happier! Working with him turned out to be great.

NSF: Tell us about your working relationship on the script of **FRANKENHOOKER**.

BM: Initially, I was going to co-write **BASKET CASE II**. Frank was looking forward very much to writing **FRANKENHOOKER** - a fresh project. He wasn't looking forward to writing the sequel to **BASKET CASE**, so he was going to pass that off to me. Suddenly, he was struck by inspiration and wrote **BASKET CASE II** seemingly overnight (laughs)! I was off **BASKET CASE II** and on **FRANKENHOOKER**. We worked like this: Frank told me what his story was, I'd go home, write a few pages, come back with a few pages, and he'd read 'em. We discussed where we might go next. Sometimes I would just do what seemed logical to me to do next. Other times I would go home with a couple lines of dialogue that he wanted the characters to say definitely. So, I would write a scene that led up to that line and set it up. The line would either be a punchline or a plot linchpin. Basically, the first draft he would re-write simultaneously with my writing. Then I would write my next few pages as an extension, not of the pages I'd written, but as an extension of the pages he'd re-written. When I started, basically all I had was Frank's rap and a couple of lines of dialogue. I was working more and more to a specific conclusion. Frank had decided how it was going to end. I'm very pleased to say that my dialogue was left almost entirely intact. All in all, it was wonderful working with him!

NSF: We haven't mentioned **TOXIC MAGAZINE** yet. Wanna talk about it?

BM: Sure. I want it to be as different from **FANGORIA** as it can be! Unfortunately, putting Freddy Krueger on the cover of **TOXIC** (which is what is going to happen) is a bit, not as severe, like putting **STAR WARS** on the cover of **FANGORIA**.

NSF: They plan on putting Freddy on the cover?

BM: Yeah, that's definite!

NSF: Interesting! Why? Jeep!

BM: You might as well put a stamp on the cover that says "More of the Same."

NSF: Well, your ideas for the inside don't follow suit...

BM: The inside will not be more of the same if I have anything to do with it. I've been trying to think of a unique way of dealing with Freddy (laughs). I can't alienate New Line Cinema because it's just not wise to alienate movie companies. You're dependent on them. If **TOXIC** works it will be even more anti-social than **FANGORIA**. Who knows? I don't think I'll be doing many issues unless they give me more money to work with down the line. As it stands now I can't even afford to pay contributors a fair rate. That's not something I'm very happy about. With **TOXIC** I also have some of the same problems of restraint that I had with **FANGORIA**. No nudity. NO weird religion, etc., etc.

ME: Do the publishers plan to aim TOXIC at the same readership that buys FANGORIA and GOREZONE?

ME: I don't think they would have asked me to do it if that was the intention. I have a wait-and-see attitude about TOXIC. I know I'm going to do the first issue. It looks like it's going to work. The real obstacle is my ability to do it. I mean, you have a vision of a project but then you have a certain amount of time, and a certain amount of resources. With this magazine I expect that the time is going to grow less, but the resources will grow more. If the magazine is one half what I hope it will be, it's going to draw people who are intrigued that something like this can be on the newsstands. What I want TOXIC to do is to take its name literally and correlate entertainment with the very real danger we've got to deal with over the next few years. Most people look at horror as escapism—I never have. I didn't feel that FANGORIA was being produced as a means of escape. I don't think a good horror film causes you to escape. You don't get uplifted (laughs). It's not the purpose of horror. There's a certain relevance to it all that I think can be made more overt than it ever was in FANGORIA, and yet it can be just as, if not more, entertaining now. The audience should not be the same. What I hope to do is see a couple of issues put out something that is different and even if the magazine folds it'll be remembered. People will say "Hey, remember TOXIC? That was pretty cool." Whatever happened to that?"

END

Robert Martin resigned as editor of TOXIC HORROR magazine before issue one hit the stands. His name no longer appears on the masthead. Mr. Martin is currently readying his novel BRAIN DAMAGE for mass-market paperback release.

NO PROFANAR EL SUEÑO DEL MEURTOS HORROR BY ANY OTHER NAME



FIN DE SEMANA PARA
LOS MEURTOS, NON SI
DEVE PROFANARE IL
SONNO DEI MORTI, THE
LIVING DEAD AT THE
MANCHESTER MORGUE,
BREAKFAST AT THE
MANCHESTER MORGUE,
DON'T OPEN THE
WINDOW, LET SLEEPING
CORPSES LIE

D: JORGE GRAU, 1974

I saw this genuine zombieest masterwork on a double bill with Paul Naschy's HUMAN BEASTS (1980, EL CARNIVAL DE LAS BESTIAS). First came the Naschy epic and then Jorge Grau's NO PROFANAR EL SUEÑO DEL LOS MEURTOS. I must say that after Paul's adventure-horror-cannibal film I was reluctant to watch anything. However, after reading about this wild Spanish zombie flick in numerous books I braved possible brain damage and let the movie roll. WOW! It began a little slow, but suddenly everything turned around. I was amazed by the superior photography, okay

acting (a bit stale, but better than your average zombie opus), and the initial plot set-ups. And when the chief zombie made his appearance ... well, hell, hold onto your seats! With excellent pre-DAWN OF THE DEAD zombie/gore effects by Fulci's SFX man Gianfranco de Rozi (**ZOMBIE, HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY**, and **THE BEYOND**), the film is one of the most impressive living dead flicks to date (and knows, there are few of those to begin with). Romero hit us gut-wise with **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** (1968). The smirking black humor of Bob Clark's **CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS** (1973) was a delight, and then Grau produced this little-seen, but much-discussed film. It's more like biological-horror with a streak of Quatermass added to spice things up. This paranoid fantasy offers the now overused cliché of a government sponsored project gone awry, producing a political dichotomy as well as heavy-handed imagery and...well, horror.

As suggested in Romero's trailblazing first effort, the corpses are reactivated by a form of radiation. While George really didn't specify what sort of contamination the fallen satellite brought with it, the ultrasonic radiation device brought into focus in **NO PROFANAR EL SUERO...** gets very specific (and quasi-scientific) on the hows and whys of the dead's rejuvenation. In this instance, low-level sonic bursts are emitted by a machine that destroys the central nervous system of insects and parasites, a boon to any farmer who has seen his crops destroyed by these mindless pests. However, the radiation spawns another form of mindless pest when it activates the "limited form" of the nervous system still active after a person dies." It also affects newborn infants. The dead rise up (though it isn't explained why) and they go on a bloodthirsty rampage. Even if the plot echoes Romero's original film, Grau's effort certainly deserves wider distribution and acknowledgements.

On his way to deliver some cutie items to a client, our anti-hero (oh, so popular then) Roy Lovelock has his motorcycle busted by the pretty Cristina Galbo. She offers to give him a ride to his destination, but first they must stop by her sister's to see how she is doing. It is there that they come across a government-sponsored "anti-pest" league demonstrating a new device to a farmer. This machine confuses the "minds" of insects and causes them to kill each other and unfortunately it also reactivates the dead. Our duo encounter the first zombie of a dead hobo who kills Cristina's brother-in-law. Naturally, the police don't believe a word of what Roy says "cause the young man is a radically-minded youth with long hair, a leather jacket, and a bad (anti-establishment) attitude. More people are discovered chewed up, Roy's bag of "voodoo" trinkets (devil worshippers!) is found by the cops, and they find themselves on the run from the law and from the zombies! The gory climax takes place in a hospital where newborn babies are now cannibalistic leeches (gouging the eye of a nurse) because of the sonic radiation. It is that autopsy room where the reanimated bodies of Cristina's junkie sister and brother-in-law decide to do a little dissection of their own chance the alternate titles of **LYING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE** and the aptly delicious **BREAKFAST AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE**. Soon the building is full of rampaging zombies. Cristina makes her way to the hospital but is zombified and Roy has to sell her and the other marshes alive to destroy them. Of course, the police detective who has it in for hippy Roy from the very start, guns him down just as he finishes off the last zombie (a neat bit of plot lifted from **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**). Looking down at the bullet-ridden body of Roy, our "savior" mutters, "I hope you do come back from the grave, so I can have the pleasure of killing you again?" Can you guess what the twist ending is?

Slow moving or not the film is straightforward with its gore. Never have I seen such uniquely nasty and gruesome shit in a pre-DAWN OF THE DEAD zombie (or otherwise) film. The bit when a cop gets gobbled up by the zombies in a cemetery and when a nurse gets it in the Manchester Hospital is repulsive, gitty, and realistic. Rarely do the dead look dead in these films, but with **NO PROFANAR EL SUERO...**, they really have the appearance of walking dead flesh. It is definitely a Spanish zombie film, it has the look and the pace. I would even go as far as placing it right up there with de Caserio's **TOMBS OF THE BLIND DEAD** which, oddly enough, came out a few years prior to Grau's film. It is also interesting to compare the Spanish zombie with its Italian counterpart: the Spaniards tend to fashion their monsters after Romero's **NIGHT**, while the Italian variety go in for a decidedly DAWN look and feel. Case in point is J. L. Merino's **LA ORGIA DE MUERTOS** (aka **THE HANGING WOMAN**) the vicious reanimated souls are as blind as they are dangerous (sound familiar, huh?). In this film as with Grau's and de Caserio's, the zombies are more lyrical, more mythical, and definitely more terrifying as they ooze towards their prey with a calculated fury. The Italian species stumble about, tend to be skip-dash in appearance, and photographed with less skill, but equal enthusiasm. Grau's living dead are a frightening reminder that just because Tom Savini does the effects doesn't make a zombie film a good film. Rather, it takes a director such as Grau who utilizes unique cinematography (in the case Francisco Sempere's), to make a film both watchable and interesting. SEE IT!



dale pierce presents...
**INDEPTH
AND UP
CLOSE**
**Part one: The monsters of AMANDO
de OSSORIO**

Born in La Coruna, Spain in the 1920s, Amando De Ossorio remains one of the foremost horror directors and screenplay writers in Spain today. While others have made for more fame, such as Paul Naschy and Jesus Franco, few have shown the originality and standards of De Ossorio's numerous works. Rather than review each of his films, which has been done countless times, a closer look is offered at the "monsters" of his films.

The Templars:

Based on a real order of knights (the Templars were guardians of the temple and pilgrims to and from the Holy Land, put to death during the inquisition when Rome feared they were growing too powerful), the Templars appear in four of De Ossorio's best films, **TOMBS OF THE BLIND DEAD**, **RETURN OF THE BLIND DEAD**, **EL BULQUE MALDITO**, and **NIGHT OF THE SEAGULLS**. In these films, they are the raffish-remains of these executed knights, put to death in the films because of satanic worship, blood drinking, and sacrificing to supposedly obtain everlasting life (whether or not the real Templars engaged in such activities is not known, they were charged with such, but a "set up" remains most likely). These ghostly knights, unable to see, depend on supernatural hearing to track their victims down. They also ride ghost horses, an interesting twist, while they kill people with their teeth or with weapons of knighthood, depending on the film. In all, they are very original monsters.

LORELEI:

Based on the legend of the Lamia, or snake-woman, this creature appears in **WHEN THE SCREAMING STOPS**, aptly played by Helga Liné (**HORROR EXPRESS**, **HORROR RISES FROM THE TOMB**, **DRACULA SAGA**, etc.). Living on the land sometimes, at other times under the water, the creature takes on the guise of a beautiful woman at some points, at others, in true form, a leard-like throwback to **ATTACK OF THE MOLE PEOPLE** or **CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON**. Unquestionably bloody for its time, it's worth seeing. In the end, the monster is killed by a professional hunter, hired to find it and do it in (shades of **HARRY BLACK & THE TIGER** gone perverse).

MALENKA:

On video under the new title of **FANGS OF THE LIVING DEAD**, De Ossorio's dabbling into the vampire legacy twists away from the norm to include enabling vampires to walk around in the daylight. While it is more of a spoof at times than a serious horror picture, it has its moments. Malenka, the beautiful female vampire, offers an unusual twist or two from the scores of bad vampire movies on the market now.

The Sea Monster:

Perhaps the silliest of the Ossorio creations (he used an alias on this film, and when you see it you can see why). The cast, made up of Americans, including Roy Milland and Tyrone Power's daughter Lisa, but the monster looks like something from one of those grade B Japanese horror films. Oh well, everyone is entitled to a flow or two! Left alive at the end, the monster is said to be sailing toward Libya, a finale evidently made to get a res out of American audiences.

Still very much alive and living in Madrid, De Ossorio could re-emerge in the horror world at any time. He has talked of preparing some new horror films, including a Templar film in which the monsters are able to live and breathe under water. It will be interesting if this project ever emerges.



Part Two: The monster roles of **PAUL NASCHY**

Born and living in Madrid, Spain, Paul Naschy might be best known as second only to Jesus Franco as one of the key directors, screenwriters, and actors of horror film. A longtime admirer of the old Universal and Hammer films dealing with Dracula, Frankenstein, werewolves, and the like, he has spent twenty years not only turning out original monster roles of his own, but also recreating famous monster roles, with a Spanish twist to them. Thanks to the video craze, many of these old films are once again seeing print or being released for the first time in English.

Naschy's most popular role was that of Wladimir Danilsky, a werewolf who, like Lon Chaney, Jr., is forever seeking a cure. It is curious to note Chaney only played his famous werewolf character Larry Talbot five times where Danilsky, as portrayed by Naschy, has been on the screen eleven times! Consistency isn't always a high point in the chain of werewolf films. Different ones seem to go back in time, rewriting reasons for Danilsky's becoming a wolf and slipping around in time, rather than sticking to one episode after another as is commonly accepted in sequels. Some of these interesting werewolf interpretations may be seen in **THE BEAST & THE SWORD** and **THE CRAVING**, two of the better of his series, as well as the far less effective **NIGHT OF THE HOWLING BEAST**, **BLOOD MOON**, **THE NIGHT OF THE WAMPURGS**, and **DR. JEKYLL & THE WOLFMAN** (in which Naschy, seeking a cure from Dr. Jekyll, is turned into a trio of characters: Danilsky, the wolfman, and Mr. Hyde).

Naschy has paid homage to other Hammer and Universal characters as well, as in **COUNT DRACULA'S GREAT LOVE** (while it looks a bit silly to see this short, burly weightlifter champion of Spain as Dracula, this is one of Naschy's favorite roles, as it gives human emotions to the usually evil count: In it, he offers to make a mortal woman he loves a vampire, and when she refuses, rather than take her by force, he plunges a stake into his own heart.), **REVENGE OF THE MUMMY** (better than many of his other pictures and some of the horrendously bad mummy pictures others have put out), and **THE HUNCHBACK OF THE MORGUE** (a perverse tribute to Nash in **HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, and to various actors who have played The Hunchback of Notre Dame). While critics have attacked Naschy for copying existing monster roles and rewriting them to his own flavor, the originality of his concepts of these characters cannot be denied, although they have graced the screen and literature beforehand in many forms.

In his most recent outing, **HOWLING OF THE DEVIL**, Naschy plays a monster marathon as Dracula, Mr. Hyde, Frankenstein, the Phantom of the Opera, and, naturally, the Wolfman plus several other roles

In shorter segments including *Fu Man Chu*, the Devil, a ghost, and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. The film, reportedly soon to come out in English, also offers the return of Caroline Munro to horror films and the return of veteran Spanish villain Chris Huerta.

"It is a very strange film," Naschy commented in Madrid. "In this film homage is paid to not just one, but many horror films and monsters. In a dream segment, even *THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE* is touched on. It is a very strange film, and a very good film. It is one of the best I have turned out in a long time."

The movie also pays homage to *THE OMEN* series, with Naschy's son, Sergio, making his debut as the offspring of the Devil, which partially gives the ending away, but not completely. The film is a conglomeration of everything: Ennio Morricone-styled music, Dario Argento type black-gloved murders of women in classic fashion, and every monster under the sun making an appearance. Its interesting fact, to be certain, and far better than many of Naschy's earlier films. It is good to see the movie starting to get distribution after countless conflicts over ownership rights and so on.

Naschy presently lives in Madrid in an apartment near a large shopping center with his wife and two teenage children. He also owns a ranch in the Madrid suburbs. Few people realize, aside from his acting, he is an avid artist, an avid sportsman, and a lover of cigars (note: he is usually seen smoking a cigar in his films, when he isn't playing a monster, and it isn't a role. He does chain-smoke them.)

Other Naschy credits, which include over 60 films in the horror and murder genre include *JACK THE RIPPER*, *HORROR RISES FROM THE TOMB* (in which roles were reversed and Naschy plays a demon/warlock while Helga Liné plays a female werewolf), *THE DEVIL'S POSSESSED*, *PANIC BEATS*, and *HORROR OF THE WOLFMAN*.

MUMMY'S REVENGE



THE FURY of the WOLFMAN





Films that operate in horror

A Trio of Medical-Horror
films from the early 1960's.

With a world on the brink of atomic obliteration and the cold war getting into the Kelvin range, using the renewal of fear, oppression, and doom a person in the early 1960's could ease their mind with good ol' Italian horror. Euro-Horror is unique in that its deadly charm depends heavily on its appearance rather than its plot. These bizarre explorations into machines, mindless sexual deviation and inescapable human experimentation were often enough and strangely satisfying in that era of pessimism. There were hordes of Italian, German, Spanish, and English films dealing with these two subjects: 1) Bizarre sexual interludes among monster, mad doctor, and women, and 2) Human transplants, this includes skin grafts (CIRCUS OF HORROR, EYES WITHOUT A FACE, DIABOLICAL DR. Z, DR. ORLOFF FUCKS, VIRGIN OF NUREMBERG—skin & flesh reductions), heart transplants (DR. BLOOD'S COFFIN), blood transfusions (MIL OF THE STONE WOMAN), and gland transplants (ATOM AGE VAMPIRE) to name a few. The need that these films filled was one aching for cinematic shockers to dull a worried mind. This form of horror (especially the Italian species) coupled with an anxious, thrill-seeking populace proved to be the artistic spearhead for a new era of horrific cinema.

ATOM AGE VAMPIRE

(aka SEDDOK - I' EREDE SI SATANA)

D: Anton Giulio Majano, 1960

Of the three films in this article, the Majano vehicle is the most mundane. SEDDOK isn't bad, it's just your run-of-the-mill experimental horror film tinged with the usual Italian sadism, sex, gore (no doubt excised from the US release), and a plot filled with scientific reasons for mutilating women and creating all sorts of havoc. But that's the essence of Italian horror, right? As sick as that may sound, I liked the flick. SEDDOK possesses half an atmosphere, and half is better than none. The film fights for a decent breath of air, but never really raises its head above water. It's a flat film, and for the most part lacking in excitement and logic. However, during the final reel things pick up steam and suddenly Majano begins to use the camera for what it was built for: interesting camera angles and compositions. It almost works! SEDDOK isn't rank, it's just annoying. I am practically shouting to Majano to take the film and run with it...take it further and further away from the mundane, away from the drab and unimaged, and into the excellent and enthralling.

SEDDOK is another in the long line of those transplant films which horror fans just couldn't get enough of back then. Similar to, but far, far less effective than George Franju's LES YEUX SANS VISAGE (aka EYES WITHOUT A FACE, 1959) the film's plot languishes in the mediocre and has a "good though twisted" scientist who is driven by lust for a female patient to commit murder. Susanne Loreti suffers from some hideous facial disfigurements which were the result of a car accident, and Alberto Lupo "cures" her scars with a secret radioactive formula he invented. The cure is only temporary so our good doctor must repeatedly transplant a certain human gland into his object of desire to keep her from coming down with a serious case of the uglies again and again. First he kills his beautiful assistant who's madly in love with him (and why he doesn't notice Andrea Scott's superior beauty is beyond me). Unfortunately, her gland only keeps his blond bombshell cute for a few days and he is forced to kill again. Stuck with the moral question of taking another life to sustain the physical attractiveness of another, Alberto injects himself with an experimental drug and transforms himself into the Atom Age Vampire. In this crusty-faced form, huge and hairy, he can kill without remorse and obtain all the vital ingredients for his transplants. Upon returning to his lab he douses himself with radioactive steam and returns to normal. However, even in this physical disguise he eventually discovers his conscience cannot leave him alone and his last attempt at murder fails (of course, he does try to obtain the last organ while in human form and is attacked by a dog). In the well-photographed climax Alberto undergoes an



THE MONSTER
MAY BE DEAD,
BUT THE VAMPIRE
LIVES!

ATOM AGE VAMPIRE

63/77

unexpected and permanent transformation into his ugly other-ego and attempts to run off with his captive love-interest. He is trapped in a greenhouse where he is stabbed by his gardener-servant, Sasha (Sergio Fantorini, drop-dead lookalike for a young Mario Savio), and dies.

BEDDOKE only hints at the unique passion verse morals play which could have unfolded. The scientist cannot bring himself to kill unless he makes himself less than human (in the film there is a reference to an escaped gorilla which he hopes the cops will blame for all the murder — but how many great apes run around strangling women and cutting out their glands?). By rendering himself amoral he is released from ethical shackles and he can commit atrocities in the name of "love." By keeping the object of his "love" captive and unwilling, he is forced to change into the "beast" to satisfy his id which can only accept the woman on the level of LOVE=DEATH. He doesn't want to kill, but "love" forces him to. Unfortunately, this fascinating look into a monstrous level of sexual frustration isn't handled very well by Mojano. He squanders most of the film on the bumbling antics of goofy detectives. The pathos that could and should have been built up for this miserable creature is all but wasted. The monster make-up is great, and there is a bit of stop motion animation when the scientist changes from his rough (and damn ugly) "normal and moral" self into the "amoral vampire." Available from Sinister Cinema and Looney Video.

The VIRGIN OF NUREMBERG

(aka LA VERGINE DI NORMEBERGA)

D: Antonio Margheriti, 1963

LA VERGINE DI NORMEBERGA (no real need to translate that title, huh?) is Antonio Margheriti's treaty on cinematic sadism and medical horror. This film succeeds on a wholly different level than Majano's SEDDOE. While it does derive most of its plot from the sodistic killing of women, the film bobs above the time to deliver stark, chilling moments of terror. Again, as with all these medical-horror films, surgery is the catalyst of evil. SEDDOE dealt with an otherwise "good" character turned amoral thug to self-induced evil, while in Margheriti's film the "monster" was a "good" man (relatively speaking) transfigured into evil thanks to a set of surgical tools. Count Hunter was a normal man who was surgically altered (tortured) into a living skull-headed horror. He had the flesh flayed from his skull (in a truly nasty flashback shot in B/W - like a Nazi documentary - where Hunter is on the operating table while some sick Nazi "scientists" strip away layer after layer of tissue from the man's head. Again, this occurrence is strangely familiar and harkens back to Franju's film and its surgical scene shot five years earlier). However, where SEDDOE failed to conjure up any substantial frights because of its inherent ineptitude, LA VERGINE... triumphs because Margheriti literally makes love to his camera in a way not unlike Bava or Fredo, while Majano stumbles about in a workmanlike fashion. The camera pans, absorbs rich colors, dips and glides. The special effects for the film aren't half bad either. The realistic gore and Hunter's sinister appearance were accomplished by Margheriti as well. Yes, the dialogue is stilted, the acting seems rushed at times, and the score is a bit too jazzy for my tastes and overly loud at times, but Margheriti's brutal sense of horror overcomes all of those inadequacies.

A young woman (Rosano Podesta) is routinely exposed to the grisly remnants of a madman's nocturnal war against womankind. The disfigured Count Hunter (Miro Valentini) believes himself the hooded executioner of three hundred years hence and goes about killing young women. One woman is killed in an iron maiden, one has her face mutilated by a hungry rat and another has her head caved in. The Count was a general in the Third Reich during WW2 who was connected to the failed assassination of Hitler in 1944 (the "July Plot"). He wasn't executed like the other pacifist plotters, but driven insane by torture and disfigurement. After some false starts, the film reaches an exciting climax as the hooded killer is unmasked and revealed to be Rosano's nuttoid and uplifted Father-in-law! He is shot by police (led by an American Nazi hunter) seconds before he is about to "virginize" his daughter-in-law and split his own son in two with an axe. As it happens in most films of the genre, a confessional tale flaring to a suspiciously flammable stone floor and the monster, torture chamber, and entire castle burns down. And you wonder if the concerned look on the young Hunter's face at the film's end has to do with either the near demise of his spouse, the death of his Dad and favorite manservant (Chris Lee), or that he probably didn't insure his castle in the event of torching by a madman! It's a tough life being a son of a war criminal.

The film itself generates numerous questions and situations which were all too often left unanswered or unresolved by the time the castle collapses. There are ridiculous (and I would guess titillating) scenes of Ms. Podesta running around the castle and castle grounds in various revealing nightgowns. She doesn't get properly dressed until the last fifteen minutes of the film. Why did she find her husband unconscious and wrapped in a blanket in one of the tunnels beneath the castle? Why is the senior Hunter, such a pacifist when he attempted to do in Hitler, now murdering young women? I would think he'd have this thing against men in uniforms like the crazed "monster" from James Kelly's THE BEAST IN THE CELLAR (1970). That's Italian logic for you. Still, this film is a powerful piece of cinema, for its portrayal of brutality. One last note of interest. LA VERGINE... was released in the US by Richard McManara who also supervised SEDDOE's English-language version. Available on PANTHER VIDEO.

The MILL OF THE STONE WOMEN

(aka IT MULINO DELLE DONNA DI PIETRA)

D: Giorgio Ferroni, 1960

I have saved the best for last. Of the three films reviewed here Giorgio Ferroni's IT MULINO DELLE DONNA DI PIETRA is the most complete. It is, while contrived by today's jaded horror standards, very successful in creating an eerie atmosphere and genuine chills. There are no head-scratcher loose ends, although the film does get somewhat confusing at times. IT MULINO... follows the Euro-Horror conventions to a T: 1) an innocent man comes to town 2) He meets and becomes involved with a woman (sometimes two women: the pure one and the object of lust) 3) there's a "mad doctor" 4) who does blood transfusions and mummifies corpses 5) and finally the film ends in a fiery climax destroying the woman, the doctor, the job, and his creation(s).



Both **SEDDUC** and **LA VERGINE**... were 'now' films, filmed with the present audience in mind. There were up-to-date, jazzy scores and some of that day's slang. In contrast Ferrari's film is a true costume epic, not unlike other films of the same year like Bava's **LA MASCHERA DEL DEMONIO** (**BLACK SUNDAY**), Fisher's **BRIDES OF DRACULA** and **CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF**, and Carman's **HOUSE OF USHER**. Fortunately, unlike the other films reviewed in this place, **MILL** doesn't suffer from an artificial or sterile atmosphere. It's easy to ruin mood in historical horror. Lualaba's **IL PIENILUNIO DELLE VERGINE** (**THE DEVIL'S WEDDING NIGHT**, 1973) was a fun romp through the absurd, but it failed to create any believable presence despite the expected nudity and gore. Ferrari takes into full consideration the creepiness of the film's locale as well as fashioning quasi-realistic (as realistic as Italian actors can get) characters walking through a less than believable tale. This isn't to say that the film is junk. Far from it, Ferrari's film is both an artistic and an entertaining achievement.

**A TERRIFYING TALE OF
PASSION AND SUSPENSE!**

**MILL
OF THE
STONE
WOMEN**

**A
SUPER
HORROR
CLASSIC**

**IN
TECHNICOLOR™**

Starring SCILLA GABEL · PIERRE BRICE

WOLFGANG PREISS

A RILEY HENSON ROBERT PATRICK PRODUCTION
A GALATHEA PRODUCTION A PHAROS PICTURES RELEASE

It's a twisted tale of lust and transfusions in 19th century Finland. One spooky semester an art student returns to school and falls for the beauty of his professor's daughter. Unbeknownst to him she is afflicted with a rare blood disorder which causes her to relapse into a death-like coma if she is any bit alarmed. He sleeps with her one night (he must not have been that great in bed if she is so sensitive to excitement) but spurns any of her post-sex advances when he starts up with an old flame. The daughter threatens suicide and confronts our young fool. They argue and she collapses. He sees the town thinking that she is dead, even though upon returning later that year he swears he has seen her. Apparently the wicked professor is draining the blood of young women and transplanting it into his daughter as a cure for her disorder. Assisted by a crooked doctor, he drains the "bad" blood from his daughter and replaces it with the ripe, hot plasma from recently fapped young women. Then, to conceal his evil deed he covers the corpse with plaster and adds it to his crazy, clockwork art piece (aka **BUCKET OF BLOOD** and **MYSTERY IN THE WAX MUSEUM**) which is activated by the windmill where his studio is located. The new blood only keeps his daughter afloat for a short while, and she is in constant need of replenishment. This goes on until the assistant discovers that by mixing the blood of our hero's girlfriend with a special serum the professor's daughter will be finally cured. The student discovers what's up, the experiment goes awry, hero and girl escape, the clockwork contraption containing corpses catches fire, the windmill burns, the assistant dies at the hands of the mad professor, and both he and his daughter perish in an apocalyptic holocaust.

IL MULINO DELLE DONNE DI PIETRA is a very colorful work of Gothia horror. The basic premise of sexual promiscuity leading to destruction is an overused film element. But in this case the "lustful woman" isn't actually in control of her emotions or her fate. Being sheltered by her overprotective father for all of her life, she is justifiably horny and in need of some sort of physical contact with the outside world. While this contact is sexual in nature it doesn't truly reflect her "downfall." Her genetic fluke, the inability to sustain excitement and live, that's the problem. So, while her body craves caressing, she is doomed never to feel physical love or she may die. It's a double-edged puffin sword neatly handled within the boundaries of this film. She isn't actually "evil" but because of her malady she is the reason for the transfusions, and thus the reason for the film. Silly, maybe, but overlook that fact because, let's face it, the film is beautiful to watch and is a decent, decadent thriller to boot! Formerly available on Paragon Home Video (currently discontinued).



THE LEGEND OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN VAMPIRES

HYBRID HORROR FROM HAMMER AND SHAW

BY MARK ROLLIE

DEADLY HORRORS/
DRAGON THRILLS

Richard Ruff is
Ruff Spectacular!



The Legend Of The 7 GOLDEN VAMPIRES

"GOLDEN VAMPIRES" STARRING BRUCE LEE AND DONALD

Some of the more interesting movies in the horror/SF genre are the crossbreeds, those films that combine two or more genres. Good examples include **THE VALLEY OF THE GWANGI** (SF/western), **CURSE OF THE UNDEAD** (horror/western), **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS** (musical/horror), and even **THE INVISIBLE AGENT**, which had an invisible man go up against the Nazis. Lesser examples of the above, at least in quality, have to be **HORROR OF PARTY BEACH**, and **JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER**. But one of the best examples of this curious brand of movie-making happened in 1973, when one of England's prime production companies teamed up with one of Hong Kong's leading outfits and came up with a new combination of horror and kung fu.

In the early seventies, Warner Brothers imported a Shaw Brothers film called **KING BOXER**, which featured a plot often used in Chinese productions of a lone Chinaman against the villainous Japanese. Warner changed the title to **FIVE FINGERS OF DEATH**, and this cheap investment on their part reaped an incredible amount of money. Soon other U.S. companies were rushing to Hong Kong with handfuls of cash to pick up other chop-socky flicks in hopes of fortunes unlimited. National General rushed in and bought up rights to Bruce Lee's earlier pictures, and Warner even went ahead with its own production of **ENTER THE DRAGON**, featuring Lee in what is probably the best martial arts film ever made.

At the same time that the flying feet and deadly hand were chopping up villains and grabbing boxoffice dollars, Hammer Films in England was going through a slump. In an era in which horror movies concentrated on the modern day (even the vampires were driving cars and speaking current language, not to mention dressing the part), Hammer still produced Gothic horror. It may have been spiced with liberal amounts of blood and sex, but it was still Gothic, and unfortunately considered old-fashioned by the audience, used to modern-day horror and graphic gore thanks to **THE EXORCIST**. Hammer needed a hit, and its leader Michael Carreras had an idea.

That idea turned out to be a co-production deal with Shaw Brothers, the company responsible for **FIVE FINGERS OF DEATH** and a host of other martial arts classics (many of which can be currently seen on TV through World-North's **BLACK BELT THEATRE** package and on videotape in your local stores). The first of these turned out to be **LEGEND OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN VAMPIRES**, and the second was a familiar crime drama/Jung Fu outing called **CALL HIM MR. SHATTER**. The deal was signed in the fall of 1973, and production was to start almost right away on **LEGEND**.

The crew was a mixture of British and Chinese. Picked to direct was Roy Ward Baker, veteran of many horror and SF films, such as the excellent **FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH**, **ASYLUM**, **SCARS OF DRACULA**, and **NOW THE SCREAMING STARTS**, and **THE VAMPIRE LOVERS**. The screenplay was written by Don Houghton, who wrote **DRACULA AD 1972** and **SATANIC RITES OF DRACULA**, along with being script editor of the BBC for a season of **DOCTOR WHO**. Houghton also wrote the **SHATTER** co-production, and is usually considered to be one of Hammer's less talented writers. Music was by James Bernard, although much of the music came from past Hammer films. Shaw contributed Liu Chia Liang and Tang Chia for the battle scenes choreography. Liang had been part of Shaw since 1965, when he joined after serving as an instructor on two of their films when he was only 21 years old. He also acted in movies, and later became a director with the highly regarded **SPIRITUAL BOXER**, **CHALLENGE OF THE MASTERS**, **EXECUTIONERS OF DEATH**, and **MASTER KILLER** to his credit. Cia went on his own in 1980 and directed features.

The cast was headed by Peter Cushing, once again in the role of Van Helsing, arch-enemy of Count Dracula, and David Chiang, once a star for Shaw. Chiang, also known as Chiang Tai Wei and Gorth Lo, first started out in films when he was 4 years old. Years later he became a stuntman, and soon afterwards he was getting small roles in pictures. Finally, he signed a contract at the age of 18, and was often paired with actor Ti Lung in such pictures as **SEVEN BLOWS OF THE DRAGON** and **FIVE MASTERS OF DEATH**. He soon left Shaw and formed his own company with Ti Lung and director Chang Cheh in 1973, but Shaw was able to get him back one more time for **LEGEND**.

The crew was rounded out by Julie Ege (**ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE**, **CREATURES THAT THE WORLD FORGOT**, **THE MUTATIONS**, **CRAZE**, **RENTADICK**), a former Miss Norway known more for her looks than any acting ability, Robin Stewart (**HORROR HOUSE**, **DIGBY**) who played Van Helsing's nephew, Shi Sau (herself a martial arts star after winning an audition of Shaw at the age of 16 and acting in her first film **CRIMSON CHARM** in 1969), as Chiang's sister, Robert Hanna as the British Consul, and John Forbes-Robertson as Dracula in two scenes. Forbes-Robertson was the replacement for Christopher Lee after the star turned down the role. The rest of the cast were taken from the Shaw stable.

The story begins in the year 1804. A Chinese priest visits the castle of Dracula in Transylvania, to ask for help restoring life to the 7 Golden Vampires in the town of Ping Kwei. Dracula, not one to do favors, instead sees an opportunity for him to leave his castle, and takes over the priest's body to journey to the temple and revive the vampires himself.

A hundred years later, Professor Lawrence Van Helsing is giving a lecture at a university in Chung King on the occult and vampires in particular. He relates a legend from their own area, which is about the 7 Golden Vampires, but the students are not interested, and even put him down for being foolish about such trivial stories. However, one of the students is clearly interested, and he soon pays a visit to Van Helsing, only to tell him that the story is true, since the village Ping Kwei is his ancestral village. The young man, Hsi Ching, wants to enlist the aid of Van Helsing to rid the village of the vampires once and for all. An expedition is set up, with Van Helsing, his nephew, a wealthy woman who loves to travel and and lives for excitement and danger, and Hsi Ching & family (consisting of one sister and six brothers). After an encounter with one General Yang and his army, and an attack by the vampires and their zombie slaves, the group finally reach Ping Kwei, where the final showdown takes place. After a long and bloody battle, the fight transfers to the village temple when the last remaining Golden Vampire kidnaps the sister and prepares to sacrifice her. Van Helsing arrives in time to come face to face with Dracula (again).

The movie was released in 1974 by Warner Brothers to some indifferent (or even hostile) reviews, but it did make money in England. True, from a critical point of view there is much wrong with the film. Cushing's performance is faultless, and Shi Sau does well with her role, projecting innocence one moment, but turning into a fighting hellcat whenever one of the villains decides to pop up from behind a rock or in a field of grass. Chiang is impressive as a fighter, but seems unsure of what he's saying, since he is speaking English in his original voice and probably isn't understanding any of it. But even so, he's better than Ege, who does speak English but hasn't learned to act with it yet. Stewart just seems to be along for the ride, but he isn't distracting either. Forbes-Robertson hams it up, but some of it is enjoyable - in the other scenes director Baker should have told him to tone it down. Maybe by this time Baker just didn't care anymore since he was feeling typed into the horror genre and didn't care for it. His direction is functional, although he does give atmosphere

to the raids and attacks of the vampires and their zombie slaves. He uses slow-motion to a large extent, and this really helped give an otherworldly feel to the horror sequences. He also insisted on directing the fight sequences, even though they were arranged by Shaw's people. His sequence of Dracula rising up from the tomb comes off as comical rather than scary. In the instance Baker placed Forbes-Robertson on a plank and raised the two up, much like the vampire in the classic **NOSFERATU**.

John Wilcox and Ray Ford contributed excellent color photography, with a lot of strong reds and blues. Les Bowls is credited with the special effects, and I hope it's only for the lap dissolves in the final disintegration, because the rest of the film's effects are quite lackluster for the most part. Obvious rubber bats being swung around on wires bother the actors, while a few of the scenes of crumbling vampires were done with deflating balloons! The make-up on the Golden Vampires was hideous, but still looked a little on the quick & cheap side.

The martial arts battles were excellent. A short sequence in the streets of Chung King set the tone for the three main fights to come - one with General Yang's men, and two involving the vampires. In addition, the sequences with the vampires attacking Ping Kwei, and Hsia's grandfather battling the vampires in the temple are filled with tension, due to tight editing and Bernard's exciting score.

Hammer prepared a soundtrack album from the film, released on the Warner Brothers label, and featuring Cushing's narration (rewritten a bit for audio by Houghton) with Bernard's music in the background. An excellent record, and a worthy follow-up to their **DRACULA** record.

The success of **LEGEND** gave plans for a sequel entitled **KAU - DEVIL BRIDE OF DRACULA**, and it was to have been shot in India. Obviously, it never came about - along with a lot of other films Hammer had in development around the same time.

But while **LEGEND** enjoyed success in England, it ran into severe problems in the United States. Warner Brothers, riding on a profit high with **THE EXORCIST**, thought that horror films were the way to go for quick and easy money. And when a few titles released failed to confirm that idea, they shelved and forgot several films in their library. Some of these included Larry Cohen's **IT'S ALIVE** (which was given another chance in 1977 and became a huge summer hit), the Amicus **FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE**, Hammer's **SATANIC RITES OF DRACULA** and **LEGEND**.

LEGEND went unseen (except for trade screenings), but in 1975 there was hope. Cannon Films picked up the rights to release the movie, and even submitted it to the MPAA for a rating in December, but nothing more came of it. Then in February of 1977 American International Pictures announced they had picked up the rights, and horror fans in the US who had waited to see the movie held their breath again. But having been disappointed before, they weren't counting on seeing it soon. And they were right. AIP kept pushing back the announced release date, and then never bothered with it at all.

Then, in 1979, it finally appeared, but in a horribly edited form under a new name. Now **THE SEVEN BROTHERS MEET DRACULA**, U.S. audiences finally had a chance to see, well, most of it. The movie was picked up by the former co-head of Amicus, Max Rosenberg, now heading a company called Dynamite Entertainment, and what he did to the movie was a tragedy. Sequences were dropped, others were rearranged, some were printed twice - and the movie was shortened to 72 minutes from 89 minutes (although there seems to be a 110 minute print out there somewhere)! But at least people had a chance to see the movie, and some is better than none.

If you missed it in the theatres, which is likely since it received a very poor release, you could have seen it on video. EVI released it a long time ago, and some copies are still floating around in video stores. Unfortunately, this is the Dynamite version. **SINISTER CINEMA** at one time offered a copy for sale under the original title, and it turned out to be an edited TV print but from the original version. Cheapo video company **STAR CLASSICS** had also released a version under the original name, but I don't know which version, and how complete it is. Finally, for fans of the picture, Warner Brothers released it to television unedited (it depends on your TV station if you'll see it that way) in their "Warner's 13 Classic Thrills II" package, which contains mostly later Hammer films.

The movie is not a classic, but it's starting to be recognized as a "Guilty Pleasure." While I can find faults in many areas, at the same time I absolutely love the movie. Michael Carrara related a story about a critic who reviewed **LEGEND** and tore it to pieces. At the very end of the review, the critic wrote, "Don't let me indicate that I'm trying to put you off seeing this film because I'm going to see it again tomorrow." Exactly.



**NAKED! SCREAMING!
TERROR!**

**NAKED! SCREAMING!
TERROR!**



THEY TAMPERED WITH NATURE -
NOW THEY MUST PAY THE PRICE...

TO AVOID
FAINTING
KEEP REPEATING
IT'S ONLY A MOVIE
ONLY A MOVIE
ONLY A MOVIE
ONLY A MOVIE
ONLY A MOVIE
ONLY A MOVIE

R

**"DON'T OPEN
THE WINDOW"**

WHAT EVER'S OUT THERE WILL WAIT!